

To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
Henry Locock, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,
 And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the
 TOWN of NORTHAMPTON;
This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILLIPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *Dec. 1748*, to the 21st Day of *Dec. 1749*; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 3) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 3. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 0. The Meeting on the *Green* 1.

D I S E A S E S.								
A Bortive, &c.	—	2	Convulsion	—	15	Small-Pox	—	2
Aged	—	13	Chincough	—	6	Stone	—	1
Atrophy	—	1	Dropfy	—	2	Suddenly	—	3
Abscess	—	1	Fevers	—	7	Teeth	—	4
Child-bed	—	3	Flux	—	1	Thrush	—	1
Consumption	—	19	French-Pox	—	1	Ulcer	—	1
			Looseness	—	1			

C H R I S T E N E D,			B U R I E D,		
Males 41. Females 46. Total 87.	Decreased 15.		Males 41. Females 43. Total 84.	Decreased 35.	
Whereof have dy'd,					
Under Two Years old	38	Ten and Twenty	2	Sixty and Seventy	7
Between Two and Five	2	Twenty and Thirty	8	Seventy and Eighty	6
Five and Ten	2	Thirty and Forty	5	Eighty and Ninety	3
		Forty and Fifty	5		
		Fifty and Sixty	6		

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	19	13	32	24	15	39
St. GILES'S.	13	16	29	17	23	40
St. PETER'S.	7	1	8	4	3	7
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish				7	4	11
In the whole Town.	80	76	156	93	88	181
	Decreased - - - 13			Decreased - - 30		

LORD! What is Man? the Prophet well might ask:
 We all may ask, Lord! What is mortal Man?
 So changeable his Being; with himself
 Dissimilar: The Rainbow of an Hour!
 A Change of Colours, transient thro' his Life,
 Brightens or Languishes; — then fades to Air.
 Man's a brisk Bubble floating on the Waves
 Of wide Eternity: He dances now
 Gay-gilded by the Sun: Tho' empty proud:
 Phantastically fine! and now he drops
 In a broad Sheet of Waters, deep involv'd,
 And gives his Place to others, O, ye Sons
 Of Vanity, Remember and be Wise!



Man is a Flow'r, which in the Morning, fair
 As Day-spring, swelling from its slender Stem;
 In Virgin Modesty, and sweet Reserve,
 Lays out its blushing Beauties to the Day,
 As Gideon's Fleece, full with the Dews of Heav'n.
 But if some ruder Gale, or nipping Wind,
 Disastrous, blow too hard; it soon puts on
 The Robes of Darknes: It reclines the Head
 In languid Softness — withers every Grace,
 And, e'er the Ev'ning Star the West inflames,
 It falls into the Portion of those Weeds,
 Which with a careless Hand we cast away —
 Ye thoughtless FAIR ONES, moralize the Song!